

An Ancient Perfume

IT seems strange to us today to read of saffron as a perfume; one of the romances about it lies in the story by Hakluyt of a pilgrim smuggling, at the risk of his life, from the Levant, a head of saffron in a hollow made in his staff.

Magazine Page

For Washingtonians



This Day in History

THIS is the anniversary of the call for volunteers issued by Garibaldi in 1862. His battle cry was, "Rome or Death." He was defeated by the King's troops, but pardoned, in view of his great services toward the nationalization of Italy.

THE WORLD AND HIS WIFE

A Dramatic Film Romance Featuring
ALMA RUBENS

Who's Who in "The World and His Wife"

ALL-STAR CAST:

Don Julian Montagu Love
Teodora (his wife) Alma Rubens
Ernesto Gaston Glass
Don Severo (Julian's brother) Pedro de Cordoba
Mercedes (his wife) Margaret Dale
Don Alvarez Charles Gerard
Marie Mrs. Allan Walker

Watch for This Story in Motion Pictures

"The World and His Wife" soon to be seen in motion pictures at the best theaters, is a Cosmopolitan production released as a Paramount-Artcraft picture from the play by Charles Frederic Nirdlinger, founded on the dramatic verse of Jose Echegaray.

By Jane McLean.

Screen Version Novelized.

LOOKING down from the top of the Giralda tower across the Guadalquivir the dweller in Seville sees many lovely vistas, fertile farms beyond the river, and, nearer, delightful plazas rich with multi-colored flowers.

Before the days of the all-devoicing auto when the graceful Teodora was still the fashion and the elite of the city strolled in the cool of the afternoon down the statue-lined avenue untroubled by the all-pervading fumes of gasoline, the passing throng paused to witness a little drama in the garden of the lovely Senorita Teodora Zanetti.

A typical Spanish garden this flower plot of the Senorita's and in its center a mound whereon bloomed lilies famed the city over for their beauty.

Through the bars of the grating peered two matadors with eyes that spoke of the itch for possession. Behind them, her mantilla thrown saucily over her head, a black-eyed girl dared them to snatch a flower from the garden.

They rushed to the gate together, tore in and the foremost seized a shivering blossom from a cluster and held it aloft as both returned in hot haste to the garden.

A quick thrust from the hand of the loser and the trophy fell to the pavement. In the mad scramble to regain it the flower was torn to shreds and left on the ground.

The girl laughed—the matadors laughed and a passer-by, stepping with heavy heel on the flower, crushed it out of existence. To the beautiful creation it had been but a moment before.

The laugh of the girl sounded a little way down the plaza when Teodora herself came in to the garden. Seville, that old city of the Moors, is noted for its beautiful women. Teodora was a living example to make good this boast.

Dark as Spanish are, her eyes were as black as the blackest diamond of rare luster, her hair like the raven, her figure lithe and graceful, her arms subtly rounded, her white and pink blossoms of artistic perfection.

A SIMPLE FIGURE.
Dressed in simple white she epitomized in her lovely figure the stately grace of the lily torn from her garden by the playful hands of the world. As she walked along the paths she was followed by an aged nurse, who, hurrying with a maternal solicitude, threw a white mantilla over her shoulders and head, falling back to gaze on her with eyes that told of undying love.

The girl had witnessed the tragedy of the broken flowers without in any way reading into it a lesson; to her it was a mere incident. Her heart at twenty was not filled with forebodings; she was not a seeress with eyes that could look years forward and draw analogies; she was a romantic young woman in love.

And now as she walked, a little impatiently scanning the carriages that passed and the men and the women who formed a never-ending procession, she waited for the arrival of the man of all men to whom she had given her heart.

Don Julian Gorgas, rich, powerful, with ambitions of political pre-eminence which his money and his talents bade fair to enable him to realize, drove to the gate in a splendid pair and, catching sight of his fiancée, hurriedly stepped down, swung open the barrier to the garden and, bowing, kissed her hand with all the gallantry of the Spanish grandee.

Curious eyes looked on, the world passed by and remarked after its fashion on the match between the beautiful orphan girl and the man of affairs twice her age. And each put his own construction on this marriage-to-be. She was marrying him for his money, or she was marrying him for his position at

court; not one suggested the real truth that she was marrying him for love.

And yet if these who made their comments would have looked close into the eyes of Teodora each would have read the truth. The nurse Maria read it and smiled, for love is good to see. The woman who had watched over the baby girl and had tended her as she grew into girlhood and womanhood saw now the reward of her devotion. To behold the beautiful Teodora raised up among the mighty of the land, the wife of a man like Don Julian was a triumph not to be regarded lightly and when to that triumph was added the further glorifying presence of a mutual love she felt that the fates who watched over her charge could have done no more for her.

A FRANK AVOWAL.
"You were waiting for me?" asked the man glancing with admiration at her flushed face.

"I was waiting for you," she admitted with a little laugh, "you don't think it's unkindly for me to say that."

"I think it's more than I deserve; soon the time will come, my dear Teodora when there will be no more waiting. Then you will be mine."

His hand stole down and inclosed her waist, he looked up at him with her soul in her eyes: "I am the lucky one, Julian, what do you see in me?"

"Don't ask me that—it would be too long to tell." They moved toward a little arbor deftly hidden from the street, while the old nurse proceeded to the gate, and broke into a peeping proclivities of a group of giggling girls.

Don Julian and Teodora were oblivious of the world as they planned for the wedding soon to take place in the chapel of the bridegroom-to-be. She suggested, he listened and nodded always approval.

"If I could have my way it would be very simple," she said. "My love for you, dear Julian, needs no pomp and circumstance to prove it to the world—and you know it does not need proving to yourself."

"Ah, the world," the man sighed. "But the world must be considered; there must be some attention paid to the formalities; for my sake, Teodora, you will go through with the forms and the ceremonies; that is one of the penalties one pays for position."

"Forgive me, Julian, I should have thought of that; but I always dream of you as the man and not as the power you are."

"And I love you all the more for it," he said, a great wave of love filling his heart at this naive confession.

To Be Continued Tomorrow.

Not a Patent Food.

"Give me a dozen bananas for children," said the red-faced man to the fruiterer's assistant.

The young man put them in a parcel.

"And give me some of the other stuff as well—the grocer says he doesn't keep in stock."

"The other stuff?" said the assistant, with a puzzled look.

"Yes, I ain't good at pronouncing big words, an' I suppose I must ha' made a mistake with it, for the grocer laughed at me. But it's that there stuff as you say can be given to the kiddies with bananas."

"I'm afraid I don't understand," said the fruiterer's assistant.

"Well, you are a nice man, you are, to be a fruiterer. 'Ere, come outside an' I'll show you the placard in your window."

So he hauled the young man outside and pointed to the bill, which proclaimed that:

"Bananas may be given to children with impunity."

It took the assistant a quarter of an hour to convince the red-faced man that "impunity" isn't a new kind of patent food.

The Angler's Disgust.

A fisherman, fully equipped with the best tackle and other requisites, found, as many another sportsman had done, that the fish were not "moving," that day, and his creel still empty late in the day when a lad turned up from a village close by armed with a rough stick, a piece of string and a worm on a pin, and much to the sportsman's surprise landed a fine trout of a couple of pounds weight. When the lad took the fish home to his mother she asked him the name of it. "I don't know," replied the lad, "but a gentleman who was standing by when I caught it called it 'the limit.'"

Tied Down to Fact.

The matter-of-fact man one day met a friend who looked pretty dismal.

"Hello!" was his greeting. "How do you find yourself today?"

"I'm pretty bad," was the miserable reply. "This weather'll be the end of me. I know I'll be a dead man before very long."

"You've been saying that for the last five years," retorted the matter-of-fact man. "I've no patience with you. I tell you what it is, you want more firmness of mind. Fix a day for your dying and stick to it."



A Scene from "The World and His Wife," the New Motion Picture Drama. Don Julian (Montagu Love) Calls on His Fiancee, Teodora (Alma Rubens), in the latter's Garden in Seville to Discuss Plans for Their Wedding.

The Rhyming Optimist

By Aline Michaelis.

Oh, each woman is a nuisance, and she makes mere man her slave; she's berating and dictating from the cradle to the grave. She will talk about her neighbors, calling other ladies cats; but she's sunny, sweet as honey when she pesters him for food. She has habits that are foolish, but he does not dare protest; she goes shopping without stopping, and his checkbook goes full of facts and full of tears; April weather, who knows whether she will be all smiles or tears? Ever since Eve bit the apple, man has been a flaccid fish; she has crossed him, she has bossed him, she has shaped him to her wish. So he says she is a nuisance, and it's certain all his sex, fools and sages, through the ages claim she's caused a lot of woe. Yes, a big share of earth's trouble they keep piling at her door. They examine food and famine, pain to add 'em to her score. They remark she's full of folly, and has too much temper; gay or pensive, still expensive, she is never quite content. These and many other charges they have filed against the fair; they abuse her, would they lose her? Nix, she's surely got them there. For although they rail about her, calling her a fickle piece, while they flout her and they doubt her, she knows they don't want release. Well, she knows there's no such being as a woman-hating man; though the critter may be bitter, he will get one if he can. And I think I hear her murmur while they knock him the fairer sex, "Ish ka bibble, let them quibble. They are good at writing checks."

Taking It Philosophically.

Old Mr. Dunkerley, having given up business, removed from town to a cottage in a somewhat sleepy and old-fashioned village. Unfortunately, before he had been there a week his cottage caught fire. Dunkerley rushed out into the road. Two old women were holding their hands up as fast as they could go. "Here, you!" cried Dunkerley to the first, "run down to the postoffice and ask them to ring for the fire engine, will you?" "Sorry," said the old man firmly, "but I got a game limb and can't run." Dunkerley turned to the other. "Shout fire, will you?" he said. "Shout fire as loud as you can while I get some of the valuables out." "Can't do it, sir," said the second woman. "I got a sore throat and can't yell." Dunkerley looked at the pair of them attentively. "Well, anyhow," he said, "go into the house, both of you, and bring out chairs, a bottle of whiskey and a box of cigars and sit down on the lawn here and enjoy the fire, will you?"

A Forecast.

As the man and the maid strolled through the picture gallery the girl stopped before one exhibit. "Oh, how sweet!" she breathed. "I wonder what it means?" questioned the young fellow, as he eyed the pictured pair who clung together in an attitude of love and longing. "Oh, don't you see?" the girl chided tenderly. "He has just asked her to marry him and she has consented."

"You've been saying that for the last five years," retorted the matter-of-fact man. "I've no patience with you. I tell you what it is, you want more firmness of mind. Fix a day for your dying and stick to it."

"I don't know," replied the lad, "but a gentleman who was standing by when I caught it called it 'the limit.'"

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When Hearts Are Trumps

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water.

THE flush that had come to Barbara's face as she talked to Mary Jameson of Robert Elliot, lingered there during the ensuing conversation. Only once did she show signs of the softness that was so much a part of her nature. This was when Daisy kissed her tenderly.

"I am so happy for you, darling," she whispered. "Mr. Brandon is a wonderful man. My father admires him and respects him so much. And you love him—that makes your engagement to him beautiful. You and I still believe in the sweet, old-fashioned style of love."

Barbara did not speak, but clung to her friend.

Mary spoke eagerly. "Yes, I do, too. I believe it is a sin to marry without love."

Barbara seemed not to hear this remark. Instead, she addressed Daisy.

"Tell your mother about it, please dear. I would like to know."

Daisy assured her that she would be glad to give the interesting news to her mother, who it so happened, was out at present.

"Then the affair is to be regularly announced, is it?" Mary asked. "I suppose," tentatively, "that Robert Elliot will be surprised when he learns of it."

"He knows it already."

At the brief statement, Mary stared in astonishment.

"Oh—you mean that he knows you are engaged to Mr. Brandon? Bob Elliot knows it."

"Yes—Bob Elliot knows it."

Barbara did not look at Mary as she replied. All her efforts were centered in keeping her voice steady and indifferent.

Daisy, always tactful, changed the subject to something less straining to the emotions. For a while she preferred to talk of light matters, for she, too, was puzzled.

A MATTER FOR ASTONISHMENT.
Robert knew of Barbara's engagement! Could he have known of it that evening when he talked with her—daisy out on the veranda and spoke of the girl he loved? And later he had walked home with Barbara. Perhaps she had told him her secret on the way home. Could it be that she was actually engaged to John Brandon at that time?

Faisy started as she heard Mary asking the very question that was in her own mind.

"To return to the subject that is of the most interest to me just at this kind of luck! Congratulations! You have been engaged long, Bab?"

Barbara smiled slightly. "Only twenty-four hours."

"But you know before that time that Mr. Brandon loved you—didn't you?"

"Yes, I knew," Barbara said softly.

Then as a motor horn sounded down the street, she raised her head. "Mary!" she ejaculated. "I must be going. I got some of the valuables I mean John now."

She did not want her betrothed to come into the house. She felt as if she could not face the ordeal of listening to him. Mary did talk so much!

"Good-by!" holding out her hand to the subject of these hurried thoughts. "I must be going."

Mary kissed her. "Good-by, Bab! All kinds of luck! Congratulations! Mr. Brandon for me. He's carried the prize off from all the younger men."

Barbara appeared not to notice

the insinuation regarding her betrothed's age, but she heard it. Daisy accompanied her as far as the front door. Here, obeying a sudden impulse, she spoke.

"I am going to the automobile with you—if you don't mind. I want to speak to Mr. Brandon."

"I love to have you come," her friend assured her, sincerely, "but, dropping her voice to a lower pitch, 'I did not want Mary.'"

"Mary means well," Daisy insisted. "She is tactless—that's all."

John Brandon came forward to greet the two girls, shaking hands with both—his head uncovered. Barbara tried not to notice how gray he was.

DAISY CONGRATULATES.
"Mr. Brandon," Daisy said, with characteristic frankness, wasting no time in preliminaries. "I want to tell you how happy I am for you and Bab. I congratulate you both, from the bottom of my heart."

John pressed her hand gratefully. "That means much coming from Bab's best friend," he said. "I thank you, as you have congratulated me, from the bottom of my heart."

Mary came out of the door as the car drove off, and joined her hostess on the front porch. Together they stood watching until the automobile was out of sight.

"Some car," Mary sighed. "Father says it's one of the handiest in Summerfield—and that John Brandon can afford to get almost anything he wants."

"And that's the man Bab Paige is engaged to."

"Yes," Daisy answered thoughtfully. "He is a good man, too. My father says that his word is as good as his bond."

"Well, Bab's lucky," Mary observed. "She's clever, too—keeping us in the dark about this affair—yet all the while accepting other fellows' attentions! Think of Tuesday night on the picnic—how she went up for the boats with Charlie Braisted, came back in a canoe with Tom White, and rode home in the car with Mr. Brandon! And two days before she'd been encouraging Bob Elliot. She's a flirt."

"Indeed she is not," Daisy protested. "She's on friendly terms with all those boys—that's all."

"Even with Bob Elliot?"

"Even with Bob Elliot. Otherwise he would not have been the first one of us to know of her engagement."

To Be Continued.

Not Wasted.

A Scottish landowner who had heard of the great profits to be made from a colliery, decided to sink one on his land, and sell the coal to the farmers and villagers in the district. Not long after he started business he sent a load of his coal to a neighboring farmer to give it a trial. A few weeks later he met the farmer and asked him how the coal had turned out. "Grand, man, grand," replied the farmer. "After it had burned a day in the fire we took them out at night an' built a stone dyke wi' them the next day!"

Misleading Names.

Winson—Our friend Malterson has a great taste for art; I know that he has got a "Mullin," a "Van-dyke" and a "Velazquez."

Jones—Has he really? What on earth does he want with three motor cars?

Hints For The Household

When hanging clothes to dry, remember always to hang stockings by the toes, nightdresses by the shoulders, and skirts by the hem, and so prevent them dragging out of shape.

Parsley always should be washed after chopping to restore its color. This is easily done by enclosing it in the corner of a clean cloth before dipping and squeezing well in cold water.

For dust-stained alabaster ornaments, a paste of whiting, soap and milk is the best. The paste must be left to dry on, and then washed away, the surface being first dried with a cloth and then with a flannel.

Small spots of paint dried on window panes may be quickly removed by holding a copper washer under the end of the finger, and rubbing it over the glass. After which the marks wash off in the usual way.

A Long Chase.

Would you do something for a poor old sailor?" inquired a tramp at the gate.

"Poor old sailor!" said the work-ingman's wife.

"Yes, m'm. I followed the water for sixteen years."

"Well," said the woman, "you certainly don't look as if you ever caught up with it!"

A Paradox.

Matheron surprised his friends at the club one evening by rising to leave much earlier than usual.

"Why this haste?" said one of his friends. "The night is still young."

"I know," replied Matheron; "but I promised my wife to be home by ten-thirty tonight, and if I miss the last train I shall catch it!"

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THE RESTLESS SEX

A Romantic Film Drama With
MARION DAVIES

By Robert W. Chambers.

Watch for This Story in Motion Pictures.
"The Restless Sex," soon to be seen in all leading motion picture theaters, is a Cosmopolitan Production, released in a Paramount-Artcraft picture.

(Continued from Saturday.)

"You make me simply furious Jim," she retorted impatiently. "These few months at college have taught me something. And, for one thing, I've learned that a girl has exactly as much right as a man to live her own life in her own way, unfettered by worn-out conventions and unhampered by man's critical opinions concerning her behavior."

"The dickens," he remarked, and whistled softly.

"And further," she continued warmly, "I am astonished that in this age, when the entire world tacitly admits that woman is man's absolute equal in every respect, that you apparently still harbor old-fashioned, worn-out and silly notions. You are very far out of date, my charming brother."

"What notions?" he demanded. "Notions that a girl's mission is to go to parties and dance when she doesn't desire to; that a girl has no right to the uninteresting and stilted laws of the recent past and live her life as an animated clothes-rack, mind her deportment, and do what husbands and children may order and become the mother of numerous offspring which shall be taught to follow in her footsteps and do the same thing all over again, generation after generation."

"Oh, Jim! I'm not going to live out my life that way and be looked after as carefully as a pedigreed Pekinese!"

"For heaven's sake—yes!—and in God's name, Jim, it is time that a woman's mind was occupied by something beside the question of clothes and husbands and children!"

"Well," she whistled softly, stared at her, and she looked at him unflinchingly, with her pretty, breathless smile of defiance.

"I want to live my own life in my own way. Can't I?" she asked.

"Of course."

"You say that. But the instant I venture to express a desire for any other—any chance to be myself, express myself, seek the artistic means for self-expression, then you tell me I am unconventional!"

He was silent.

"Nobility demands you," she flashed out. "You are free to choose your profession."

"But why do you want a profession, Steve?"

"Why? Because I feel the need of it. Because just ordinary society does not interest me. I prefer Bohemia."

He said:

"There's a lot of stuff talked about studios and atmosphere and 'urge' and general Bohemian irresponsibility—and a young girl is apt to get a notion that she, also, experienced 'cosmos' and 'urge' and that 'self-expression' is her middle name. . . . That's all I mean, Steve. You frequently have voiced your desire for a career among the fine arts."

"Now and then you have condescended to sketch for me your idea of an ideal environment, which appears to be a studio in studio district, smoking cigarettes, and 'people worth while' loudly attacking pianos and five o'clock tea."

"Jim! You are NOT nice to me. If I didn't love you with all my heart—"

"It's because I'm fond of you, too," he explained. "I don't want my sister, all over clay or paint, sitting in a Greenwich village studio, smoking cigarettes, and 'people worth while' loudly attacking pianos and five o'clock tea."

"The girl rose, nervous, excited, but laughing:

"You dear old out-of-date thing! We'll continue this discussion an-

other time. Dad's been alone in the library altogether too long." She laughed again, a little hint of tenderness in her gaiety, and extended her hand. He took it.

"Without prejudice," she said. "I adore you, Jim!"

"And with all my heart, Steve. I just want you to do what will be best for you, little sister."

"I know. Thank you, Jim. Now, we'll go and find dad."

They found him. He lay on the thick Persian rug, the foot of the chair in which he had been seated when they left him.

On his lips lingered a slight smile. A physician lived across the street. His examination was brief and perfunctory. He merely said that the stroke had come like a bolt of lightning, then turned his attention to Stephanie, who seemed to be sorely in need of it.

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(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

What A Memory.